THE PACIFIC

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THE PURE IN HEART.

I asked the angels in my prayer,
With bitter tears and pains,
To show mine eyes the kingdom where
The Lord of glory reigns.

I said, my way with doubt is dim,
My heart is sick with fear;
Oh come, and help me build to him
A tabernacle here!

The storms of sorrow wildly beat,
The clouds with death are chill;
I long to hear his voice so sweet,
Who whispered, "Peace, be still!"

The angels said, God giveth you
His love,—what more is ours?
And even as the gentle dew
Descends upon the flowers,

His grace descends; and, as of old,
He walks with man apart,
Keeping the promise as foretold,
With all the pure in heart.

Thou needst not ask the angels where
His habitations be;
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair,
And he shall dwell with thee.

—Alice Cary.

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"There are nettles everywhere,
But the smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue in heaven is larger than the cloud."

A distinguished Japanese minister, the Rev. Miyagowa of Osaka, said recently: "There are in Japan more than one million people who have not publicly professed Christianity; but, who ordering their lives by the teachings of the Bible, require now only to be brought to a public confession of their faith." This estimate is indorsed by Professor Nakashima of the chair of psychology in the Imperial University. This, as well as many other things, shows that a new day has dawned for Japan, and that the Japanese are to play a very important part in the world's future. They need only the Christian religion wide-spread among them to give them a mighty influence in shaping the destinies of mankind largely in this and succeeding centuries.

In San Francisco for some time there has been an exhibition of the lengths to which certain elements in the union labor organizations will go. The street car strike was lost long ago. A few weeks ago when a member of the carmen's union dared to say so in one of the meetings of the union he was pitched forth into outer darkness as an object lesson to all others who might be inclined to manifest the venturesome spirit and utter their convictions. Intimidation has been the rule in this strike from its very inception, both as to those in the union who did not wish it to be nor to encourage it, and as to those on the outside who in any manner, in the least, ran counter to the will of the strikers. To such lengths has the union gone in its endeavor to control the actions of its members that extreme hardship has been imposed on many girls and women. Therefore it is rapidly alienating many of its members. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad!" So runs an old saying. The time has come when all labor unions need to pause and reflect. If they are to keep in any favor at all with the masses of the people they will have to make a most strenuous effort to show that there is not a labor union tyranny more to be dreaded than any capitalistic tyranny.

A strange thing has happened. The San Francisco Chronicle has admitted in an editorial that the situation of the California fruit-growers because of lack of help is "a very hard one." And the further statement is made that if this were not a year of short fruit crops the situation would be "desperate." The Chronicle says that "if union labor in the cities would become responsible for supplying good-natured white men, willing to work ten hours in the orchard at an agreed price for the season, and who will not get drunk, there should be no trouble." But the Chronicle knows, as all others know, that this will not be done. Nevertheless the Chronicle says that the exclusion league ought not to relax its opposition to Oriental immigration. The Chronicle receives its support more largely from the element that is crying out loudly against the Orientals, than it does from the fruit-growers. It would like to do something, or have something done, to relieve the situation of the fruit growers, which, though not desperate this year, is likely to become so very soon, but it hasn't the courage to venture any further than to make this admission and suggestion. Where would the business of the paper be in a short time if it should venture further? And it is well known that we are in an age now when their business interests are with most people the first consideration. This is so with many church people as well as with many outside of the church. Will the age and reign of Christ ever be ushered in if there do not spring up more persons ready to go even as the martyrs of the olden time went for truth's sake?

It comes as good news that the United States government will continue its war on the Standard Oil trust. It would be difficult to bring the masses of the people to believe that the extinction of this great monopoly—even to the utter loss on the part of the men at the head of it of the millions invested therein, would not be for the good of the nation. John D. Rockefeller said in a recent interview that he and others engaged in great business enterprises were but the servants of the people. "They can destroy us, or our business, or at least destroy our power of serving them. We would probably suffer the least." Unquestionably it is in the interests of the people that there should be capital in great business enterprises; but it is not in their interests that a business should be conducted as the business of the Standard Oil Company has been conducted. We have arrived at a period in the history of the world when, if business methods are not radically changed, it will be in the eyes of the people in general a disgrace to be called "a captain of industry." Too many of the "captains of industry" in recent years have accumulated selfishly. This is not to say that thousands of men of large means have not gained their wealth in an unobjectionable manner. But it behooves men in all great enterprises now to take heed to their ways, to see to it that in all their dealings they consult the interests of the other fellow. The world sees today as never before what Christ meant when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," and put this as the first and greatest of the commandments. The world must come in some way to stand on that platform. Men in the great business enterprises stand in position to help usher in that glad day. It will depend largely on their attitude, whether that day shall come through an evolutionary or a revolutionary process.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

Mr. W. R. Perks, a distinguished Wesleyan layman of England, visited not long ago the United States and Canada, and has given his impressions of America in an article in the British Recorder. While in Washington he had an interview with President Roosevelt, and writes concerning him as follows:

"Our second Sunday in America we spent at Washington. I was fortunate in having a very interesting interview with that most remarkable man, President Roosevelt, the strongest personality at the White House since the days of Abraham Lincoln. I am not at liberty to repeat what the President said. We discussed the recent Education Bill, and I endeavored to explain the real causes of its failure. We talked about the prospects and the constitution of the present British Liberal party; about the social work of the Methodist Church, and the possibilities of religious equality in Great Britain—about the abortive Irish bill, whose untimely fate I foretold—about railway policy, and industrial combines. As I read the finishing words of the President's speech in Indiana the following week, 'Let the man of great wealth remember that while using and enjoying it, he must nevertheless feel that he is, in a sense, a trustee, and that constant misuse, whether in acquiring or spending his wealth is ominous of evil to himself, to others who have wealth, and to the nation as a whole,' I recalled our talk in the famous room at Washington. Would that British Nonconformity had such a leader as Roosevelt! Were we led by such a man we should not see the humiliating spectacle of two hundred Nonconformist members of Parliament humbly and vainly knocking at the door of a reluctant cabinet whom they had put into power. If we had at our head a man of President Roosevelt's energy, boldness, and personal magnetism, the Methodists who will go to Washington in 1911 to the Methodist congress would be able to report that, after years of weary waiting, England at last has a free church in a free state."

It is worthy of special note that Mr. Perks found the colored Methodist church in Washington stronger numerically than the white, saying as to this: "The white church I attended in the morning presented a strange contrast to the colored one I went to at night. Empty in the morning; crowded at night. In the morning the singing lifeless; at night thrilling. The morning preacher an essayist; the evening one an evangelist."

Concerning music in the churches he writes:

"God preserve British Methodism from the 'quartet'! The Fifth-avenue Church spends, I am told, an enormous sum annually upon these four singers. They are certainly very accomplished performers. The music they sang was of a high order; but after all a Methodist Church is not a music hall. The finest singing I heard while away, and the largest congregations I saw, were at the famous St. James Church, in Montreal, architecturally, I suppose, one of the finest buildings Methodism can show, and at the large colored Methodist Church at Washington, where my boy and I were the only whites in a congregation numbering some fifteen hundred. At both these churches the singing was congregational and very attractive."

Writing concerning several of our great cities, Mr. Perks says that he found that there is nothing in New York, nothing in Chicago, nothing in Philadelphia nothing so far as he could learn in any other American city, similar to the great mission halls holding two to four thousand people such as have in recent years been erected in England. "It is quite true," he remarks, "that there are small 'mission centers' in the poorer parts of New York, where the rich 'uptown' churches 'do mission work' on a small scale. The explanation, or I should prefer to call it the excuse for the absence of the great mission hall, given to me in New York, and also in Chicago, is that the city is deserted and the population too cosmopolitan. I walked on Sunday night through these 'empty' streets. The tramcars were crowded; the music-halls were open; tens of thousands of people thronged the roads; half the shops in the poorer streets seemed open; the saloons were doing a roaring trade."

MENTAL THERAPEUTICS.

[A few weeks ago a neurotic person, who had received great help in the mental healing work carried on in Emmanuel Congregational Church in Boston, a thoroughly evangelical church, gave account, in the Boston Transcript, of her experiences. We reproduce the article with the hope that it may call such attention to that work in Boston as will lead people widely to investigate it, to see whether there may not be in it that which will help sufferers elsewhere—and mayhap stop the trend in some other directions.—Editor.]

I purpose to tell of the work of mental healing done at Emmanuel Church during the past winter, from the standpoint of the patient. I had endured six years of mental suffering, of anguish so poignant that I feared to consult a regular physician, lest I be sent to a sanitarium, or even an insane asylum. Social affairs in a large measure were given up, since they tired me so much. I did find a new interest in planting a garden and a measure of physical health, while working among the plants and flowers truly brought "rest and forgetfulness of care." A naturally cheerful disposition and a strong sense of humor helped to lighten the load, but the trouble was there, and neither allopathy, homeopathy Christian Science nor "clairvoyant doctors" could make a cure.

Reading in the Saturday Evening Transcript one day in the early winter of the new movement at Emmanuel Church, I resolved to try it. Trial, I argued, could do no harm, and might do good. So I betook myself to Emmanuel Church on that rainy Sunday evening when the first lecture was given. I entered late, but the kindly glance that noted everyone, and saw even the least of us, fell on me, and I, an utter stranger, was called to come in from the door and was given a seat. First came the service of song, and to me the old familiar hymns, "Coronation," "Awake My Soul," and all the rest, sounded strangely sweet. My family had laughed at me, and jokingly said I went for the supper which was served at the close of the lecture, but when I came home without staying for the cakes and coffee they concluded there was some other attraction. The attraction was the lectures on mental therapeutics, and all that they taught, their interest and helpfulness; and the kind, sincere feeling of helpfulness which emanated from those in charge to all of us.

Then came the examinations by the physicians. I never realized how many of us there were until we gathered in our groups of four, alphabetically arranged for the examinations. Let me tell of that wonderful Thursday morning when we assembled, hun-

dreds of us, in the guild room of Emmanuel Church, and Madame Lucas sang to us the old songs, "The Cottage by the Sea," "Backward, turn backward," "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," and all the others that we sung ourselves when we were boys and girls, and life was sweet and joyous before us, and not crushingly cruel behind us. And then at noon time tea and cakes were served in a way that soothed. If the mental healing work at Emmanuel Church had done no more than give us—some of us old, some of us poor, all of us ill and nervous, and some of us enduring great sufferings—sufferings that cannot be told or described, and that would hardly be believed were told—that wonderful comforting, happy morning, it would yet have done much!

There was no charge. At first I wondered if I would feel like a charity patient, but by this time I hardly cared if I did. I happened to hear a bit of a question one morning about mixing up the lists of us with the lists of those who were to have Christmas dinners and Christmas baskets sent them, that touched my love of a joke; but they were speedily straightened out, and I ascended the stairs to the waiting physician. Here came the first thing that dismayed me, for although I had confessed to being afraid to lay my case before a specialist I found myself talking to a specialist, and why was I not afraid of him?

Ah, but I was getting better and the little leaven that I had received from each meeting was leavening the whole lump. I confessed to the doctor the hope that had grown in my heart since I had joined the mental healing classes and had received the spiritual help and comfort which was more than half—far more than half—of the means of cure, that I might sometime come back into the fold from which I had wandered and find there a refuge which so far in my life I had not found. And the doctor agreed with me that this would help me. But does any doctor know the awfulness of seeing things that should be unseen, of hearing voices that should be silent?

I do not know if I am right or wrong in thinking that about the troubles and sufferings of some of us, there was a touch of the occult, but at any rate, in harmony and suffering we have found peace and harmony.

One thing that impressed me deeply was the patience and sweetness and sympathy which we all received from the clergymen and doctors alike. Some of us were very dull and stupid, I fear. Many of us thought our troubles very interesting and loved to talk of them. I always dreaded to have my neighbor in the class become confidential. But in every case the doctor listened with patient and sympathetic kindness to the longest and most drawn out tale of woe, and some of those tales of woe seemed so very, very, real.

So the winter wore on, and Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, man and woman, we united in our short service of song, being given the privilege of choosing our own best loved and favorite hymns, and then listened to the helpful talk or sermon, after which came the "experience meeting." The guild room and then the chapel were too small to hold the half of us, and the great church itself opened its doors. And there was often not a vacant seat!

With the beginning of Lent there came a change in the programme. The Wednesday evening meetings came to a close for a while, and the class was held on Monday afternoons. It was at one of these that Dr. Worcester gave us the invitation which I firmly believe, nay, which I know, has meant the salvation of more than one of us. He did not intend to do any proselyting, he told us; each of us should hold to his or her faith; but if any among us had no home in any church, Emmanuel Church would receive and welcome us. And then I, and more than I, beheld at last the opening door to spiritual health and happiness. And now I, and more than I, go about our daily affairs with happy, smiling faces. No more are we troubled with anxious cares and unnecessary fears, for Dr. Worcester taught us how to lay our burdens down if that were possible, and how to bear them easily, happily, prayerfully, if borne they must be.

There were the wonderful Friday evenings in the study, when Dr. Worcester told us in exquisite thought, in language and tone that made listening a delight, of storied religions that have moved the world; when he told us of the divine forgiveness of sins, of the communion of saints and in simple directness applied these things to us and to our daily lives. As Easter approached there were baptisms for some of us and confirmations for more of us. And to us of the mental healing class came most gratefully the message in Bishop Lawrence's confirmation sermon, "When disaster overwhelms you, rest quietly, wait patiently and see how God works out your salvation."

Now let me sum it up. Here were men and women, all of them sufferers, many of them drifting alone, some of them homeless, friendless, almost penniless and of these many are now happy in the knowledge that they found a refuge and a home in the church. They have gone through baptism and confirmation. The cross has been marked upon their foreheads and they are sealed as "Soldiers of Christ."

In one of his closing lectures Dr. Worcester told us that if any one of us were ever in trouble, trouble of any sort, moral, mental, spiritual, social, financial; we might freely come to him for aid. Do you think any of us will ever forget that? And especially those of us who are so all alone in the world?

And he told us he hoped that we would remember him in our prayers, for prayer is such a sustaining force. And do you think any of us, those of us to whom Emmanuel Church through Dr. Worcester has brought such healing and blessing, will ever forget that?

TO RESTORE HOLY ROOD.

A Famous Edinburgh Pile to Be Saved.

It is said that $200.000 has been guraranteed for the purpose of restoring the venerable pile of the Abbey Church of the Holy Rood, adjoining the Royal Palace of the same name, a little outside Edinburgh.

An English magazine states:

Holy Rood dates from the twelfth century. The exact year is uncertain, but 1128 is generally accepted as approximate.

According to the legend King David I, who was hunting in the neighboring forest, was attacked by a stag, which had been brought to bay by the hunting party. He was thrown to the ground by the furious animal and was in imminent danger of death.

Suddenly a cross arose from the ground between the form of the beast and the monarch; and the stag, affrighted, fled. The cross remained upon the spot.

Its material substance ..., a mystery to those who examined it.

The occurrence was looked upon as miraculous. In gratitude to heaven the King ordained that a shrine should arise on the ground adjacent. He decreed that it be called the Church of the Holy Rood, and gave it in the care of the canons regular of St. Augustine.

What remains of the Abbey is called the Chapel Royal. It is only a fragment of the old building, but is yet considerable. The portion formed the nave of the great abbey. Its walls are lofty, its windows tall, and its western door of generous proportions. The carving is rich, though not florid.

The tombs within the abbey walls include those of King David I., King James II. (of Scotland), King James V. and his Queen, Magdalen, Henry, Lord Darnley, and many other members of the Scottish nobility.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Star of Hope in the Mountains of the Holy Cross.

It is a sure sign of progress in a holy cause when the advocates of it who are led by their very heat of espousement into varied positions of seeming antagonism wake up to realize that they may be as strong in union as they are weak in isolation. That the beverage liquor traffic is the costliest crime of our day and the cruelist foe of American homes has been a point of agreement. That it is unconstitutional to legislate wickedness, that the doctrine of the great "Stainless Flag" discourse and the decision of Judge Samuel R. Artman of Indiana are the slogans of our new war cry upon the saloon has been manifested in a notable conference at Mt. Hermon, a new rallying place of Christians and reformers whose utterances are coming to have significant and up-to-date point. The resolutions appended below are not the opinions stated by a committee in advance. They grew to be the voice of a large and representative conference after three days of deliberation and prayer. Radical prohibitionists who were fonder of that party of principle joined forces with growing Salvation Army officers who admitted that they spent all their time pulling men out from the liquid fires of alcohol and then voted trustfully the ticket which they were sure the prohibitionists would prepare for them. Scratching republicans were numerous whose advice was steady to beat the liquor man of any party by the temperance man of any other party. The highest anti-saloon magnates of the coast, and our country has no higher, avowed their faith in the doctrines of good sense and harmony which ran in a flood of enthusiasm

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as clear and as beautiful as the bubbling waters of Zayante creek which flowed by the convention doors. The godly W. C. T. U. women were cheered in their faith that the day long sought for is coming. Quaker and Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist joined in the loud Amens. The cheery outcome of last year's conference was the plea for "A temperance leader in every church." Those who responded to that call have sowed the seed which, if we follow God's call, "Shall shake like Lebanon."

Resolutions.

Passed unanimously at the second annual temperance conference at Mt. Hermon, August 7th, 1907:

We who have been permitted to enjoy this second temperance convention at Mt. Hermon, August 7, 1907, make grateful mention to heaven and to each other for our rich fellowship and the notable harmony which is manifest. It is a clear sign that the Infinite Power above which works for righteousness is welding our varied opinions and our hearts. The time for strife between temperance organizations has passed. It is a real advance that we are ready with Judge Samuel R. Artman, of Indiana, and the veteran, Dr. Ervin S. Chapman, of Los Angeles, to brand the beverage liquor traffic as a crime which should be dealt with as a crime. It ought not to be named even as a business.

We plead with the thousand pastors throughout our State who pleaded with their people for a "stainless flag" to follow their burning words with the selection and endorsement of at least 'one temperance lead r in every church." If that leader may come to leader in every church." If that leader may come to faith of the faithful will be profoundly heartened, their judgment widened and ripened, and their courage and hope mightily refreshed.

We learn with profound gratitude that newspapers are multiplying in our commonwealth in which the economic selfishness, and cruel waste of the liquor traffic are being incontestibly proved to our sober taxpayers. We pledge generous and intelligent support and co-operation to these patriotic and prophetic editors whose forceful pens are fast bringing in a better day. We give them heartiest invitation to these conferences. We greet the partnership of the moral press with our holy cause as a high harbinger of hope, and, as the God of our fathers shall help us, we will be a committee of the whole to help sow the hills and valleys of our beloved California knee deep with temperance literature as the seed for virtuous citizens and happy homes.

We fraternally invite such saloon men as sincerely desire a respectable business to leave their sinking ships and quit the dangerous occupation which ruins their homes and threatens ours. That education in crime which David Starr Jordan, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln have deprecated in no uncertain language must die out under our flag, for God hath said "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," and "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

We recommend that a general committee be appointed to take up this subject as now developed by this conference and to push the work along the lines of this year's program.

Results.

The following committee was chosen: Rev. E. L. Rich, Watsonville (president); Mrs. Effie Whitman, San Jose (secretary); F. E. Caton, San Jose; Captain William I. Day, Salvation Army, San Francisco; Rev. Hugh N. Gilchrist, D.D., San Jose; Rev. E. S. Williams, Saratoga; Rev. George McCormick, Salinas; Mrs. Iowa Holsten, W. C. T. U.; F. R. Browning, Fresno; I. Martin, editor Record, Stockton; Rev. E. R. Bennett, Miss Whitney.

The other results will be what you and I, under the leadership of our Lord, may accomplish. The prayerful conference shows what may be done in the remotest school house, or humblest chapel, in a picnic held for a holy purpose, or on a large scale in our largest city churches. The princes of speech and

argument are comparatively few, but "A temperance leader in every church" may indeed sow California knee deep with literature which has the seed-thoughts of the next needed revolution of righteousness. The mightiest moral forces are at the command of the humblest worker who will light a room, pass kindly notices, win opponents, keep self out of sight, and enter in the consecreted spirit into this open door of hope. Any of the committee named above will answer questions, open the way to a large assortment of literature, and serve as the opportunity may present. Who lives to attend the next Mt. Hermon temperance conference may hope to hear reports which will gladden Heaven and make the redwoods ring.

THE TWO MOUNTAINS, OR THE CHOOSING HEART.

An Allegory of Personality.

Charles E. Chase.

Once upon a time in a country far from this, lived two beautiful boys with their beautiful mother. The boys were just alike in their appearance and manner. They were the same height and weight, had the same strength, the same speed; their eyes were the same color, the pink in their cheeks the same hue, and when they put their heads together in their mother's lap in the evening the golden hair of one was just like that of the other. And their voices were also the same. In singing or talking, whispering or speaking aloud, or even in whistling, there was no difference at all. Indeed so perfectly alike were these boys in every way that only their mother could tell them apart, and she only by what her heart said.

These boys also had the same pleasures, the same work and play, and went to the same school. Their clothes were made alike too, and their mother's kiss was as sweet, her smile as lovely, and her caress just as dear for the one as the other. And so they grew up together, one not faster than the other, nor larger, nor handsomer, nor with any visible difference at all. Then they became young men together, alike strong and brave and beautiful. And their mother loved them with one love.

Now a time arrived when they walked together by a wonderful sea. The roaring surf, the restless waters, the vast distance, held them as by the power of a strange spell. They could not go away if they would. Twilight came, then night. Where sea and sky came together the moon arose and a great wave splashed up in her face. But the moon was not angry at this; indeed not, for when she blinked her eyes and smiled, it was so beautiful that a great light fell everywhere like a silvery shower.

And still the young men stood together, each with arm about the other, their heads side by side, and their golden hair as the hair of one, looking out over the far, far, mysterious, wonderful sea.

Then a shadow fell, and a man appeared, dressed as a pilot, for such he was.

"Why do you look so steadfastly over the sea?" He asked one of them.

"I am looking at my future, and I cannot make it out," was the reply.

"True, my friend," said the pilot," the sea is the Future, and you cannot make it out."

Then said he to the other, "Why do you look so steadfastly over the sea?"

"I am looking at my future, and I cannot make it out," was the second reply.

"It is true, my friend," repeated the pilot," the sea is the Future, and you cannot make it out."

Then the young men stood apart and looked at each other, and at the stranger in wonder, for, until he came, they had been thinking, "We are looking at our future, and we cannot make it out." Then a wave from the sea of the Future broke, and as the spray fell over them they discovered a difference.

After this they went home for a time, still appearing the same, while their mother yet loved with one love.

But again the sea called, and when in obedience they ran to the shore, they found there two boats moored, and with them a pilot . Now the boats were just alike, their equipment and rigging exactly the same. One was not larger than the other, not broader nor longer nor had more sails nor better anchors, nor handsomer flags, and their provisions and medicines, instruments and charts, were in every particular, little and large, just the same.

"Whose are these?" asked one young man of the pilot.

"Whose are these?" repeated the other.

They are for you," the pilot made answer, "a boat for each one, on the sea of the Future."

"But may we not voyage together?" they asked in one voice.

"If you will and you dare," was the answer.

Then again a wave broke at their feet, the water rose to their knees, and the boats strained at their moorings, when each man, taking one for himself, leaped aboard.

Then one cried to the pilot, "Cast off my line and let me away!" And the other said in the same voice, "Cast off my line and let me away!" But the pilot would not, and though the strain was hard, the lines held.

"Stay now and listen," said the pilot. Then he told them many things, but to one not more than the other, many things of the sea, and at last this about the great mountain and the lowly isle.

Far away from here he said, and his voice was very clear, even in the midst of the surf's roaring, far away from here there rises from the world of waters a mountain great and high. It is grand and beautiful. The waves dashing against its base break into foam which looks like masses of pearls and diamonds draped around the border of its dark green robe. On the lower slopes grow graceful fronded palms while white marble and crystal facings make beautiful the heights. On the summit within a jewelled vault is stored gold in quantity sufficient for the purchase of all things. Here is the price of all treasures. Here the value of all lands and cities and all ships, all industries, and all arts. Here is the price a man can pay for the whole world. But in the language of the mountain, music, love, hope, and home, are words unknown. Whoever sets foot on this shore to ascend the mountain, must forswear these—must forget time and faith, must abandon hope and forfeit love. To him who will do this, who will scale the height and gain the summit, the magic key will appear. He must not touch it however, with his hand, lest it burn him, nor with his eye, lest it blind him. But with his heart he cannot feel it. Press this against the magic key, and instantly will the lock spring away, the door fly open, and the treasures of the mountain pour forth.

And, far, far away, at another point of the compass is an island, only a little one, just showing above the sea. Often the waves dash over it. There are no stately green trees upon it, no waving palms, no groves of spice, no jewels, and no gold. But hidden somewhere in this island is a shell, a lovely pearl. It is as, pure as an infant's heart, strong as a father, dear as a mother. It is the most beautiful of all things. Not in the sun, not in the moon, not upon any star, not of things present nor of things to come, is there any other thing so beautiful as this wonderful pearl. And whoever finds it shall receive a great gift. He may heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing, cheer the faint, feed the hungry, hold lights for the wandering, and though himself poor, he shall make many rich. Yet of land the pearl buys not a grave's room, of raiment not a lamb's fleece, of food not a sparrow's meal. And he who would have the pearl must cleave to it, and love the island, nor long for the mountain, nor desire any praise.

But if, when he has forsaken all, he shapes his course for the island and holds a true helm, he will come at length to the Isle of the Pearl, which is the haven where he would be.

Then when the pilot had spoken plainly and told them all, he commanded, "Make ready, Lay your course, Clear away!"

Another wave then broke and each man felt the foam dash to his face, when, for a moment, a great light covered the sea, and the mountain appeared, and the island. Then again was all as before, and once more the pilot cammandall, he commanded, "Make ready, Lay your course, Clear away!" The sails then filled, the lines were cast off, and the boats, both at once, leaped forward to their long voyage over the deep.

The pilot watching for a moment each boat's gleaming wake, presently disappeared, while the mother in her cottage waiting, loved two sons with one love.

Part II.

Now after many days the boats were still on the sea, but, though they were built just alike, had the same burden

and the same sails, one soon passed far away from its mate. Bravely did it dash forth cutting a path for itself through the waves. No storm was too wild, too fierce for its strength, and no fear came to its pilot, its master. On, on, on, like a wild bird flying on swift wings to its home, flew this boat on its course. And he who stood at the helm and managed the sails, cried often "Blow, blow stronger, O wind" and to the boat as to a live thing would he shout, "Speed away, Speed away." And the wind did indeed obey, the sails did fill, straining and pulling at rope and yard stronger and stronger, day by day, and for long it changed not nor failed.

Once a storm arose, fierce and terrible, oh terrible, and then a voice came over the water, clear and strong, "Put about, put about, and come into the haven of Duty." And he heard it who sailed the boat, heard the cry, "Put about, come into the haven of Duty," but he would not, and sailed on. Braved he that storm, sailed on, found an even sea, and before a fair breeze sailed away, straight away, on and on.

At last in the voyage even no sails were needed at all, nor for the boat any care, as it now rushed on as of its own will and still true to its course. So went the strong free boat with its master, on and on, until there was seen on the crest of waves far distant a great brilliance. Now this was the light of the mountain, and, as it appeared, the boat leaped forth wonderfully, while the master, thereof made ready to land.

Then soon was the voyage ended. He that sailed came to the shore, made fast the boat, and then moved for ascending the mountain. But he could not, for it was now night, and a weariness such as came not on the sea, now controlled him. Therefore returning he made a couch on the deck and slept, and sleeping dreamed.

Now of the boat nothing was yet broken, nothing lost. Having sailed it could sail again. It had compass, sails, provisions, medicines, instruments, and charts. All things were ready. He who was pilot could be pilot again.

All night rocked the boat, a cradle on the sea of the Future, while he who slept well on the deck, dreamed of the mountain, the jewelled vault, the treasure, and of all power and dominion. So dreamed he until the morning, and then, waking, found by his side, another attired as a pilot, for such he was, whose right hand was at the helm, whose eye viewed the compass.

"Arise now," said the pilot, "for day breaks. Cast off the shore line and let us away."

"Ah, no, not away, but forward. I leap to the shore, and ascend," was the answer.

But the pilot restrained him, nor would let him depart until presenting three shells, each with a secret.

"What is the name of your secret?" said he.

"It is Faith," one made answer.

"Mine is Hope," said another.

"Mine, Love," said the third.

"Here then are Faith, Hope and Love," said the pilot. "Choose now, receive them, and sail away happy on the sea of the Future. Forsake them, and away to the mountain. Then the man in the boat took the shells in his hand, meditating, and would have commanded, "Set sail, cast away," but a light from the mountain flashed forth, fell in his face, even blinded him. Then he dashed the shells to the sea with great strength, and leaped for the shore.

Now the way was very steep, very long, for the mountain lifted its great dome far above the clouds. No song of birds, no cheer of comrades, no love of friend brightened the way. Yet it was light, and the brilliance of polished gold was ever on the path. He struggled alone on and on, up and up, until at last the sparkling lights of the jeweled vault were seen, then another effort, one more, with a hard pull and a long leap and the magic key appeared: key which hand must not touch nor the eye gaze upon, which the heart cannot feel. Against this key the heart was pressed, the lock fell away, the doors burst wide open, and all the vast wealth of the mighty mountain appeared. Then it was that he who came far and climbed high, heard the sound of many waters beside him, felt the cold dashing of spray and the beating of waves. For, behold, it came to pass in that day, that as he had climbed inch by inch, foot by foot, seeing naught but the path and the brilliance thereon, dreaming of naught but the jeweled vault and its treasures untold, so had the mountain, inch by inch, and foot by foot, settled down, down, into the midst of the sea. Then remembered he who came so far, and climbed so high, and struggled so long, the words of a pilot:

He that shall save his life shall lose it: what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Part III.

When the boats parted that one which came not to the mountain sailed away on its course to the island. Now it waited in calms, now rode joyfully before fair winds, now labored in tempests, now raced like a victor on favoring tides. But, as the days passed and the voyage lengthened, many great winds arose, adverse and strong. The sea was angry and very tempestuous, and he that sailed was sorely afraid. Then said he of his God, "What times I am afraid, I will trust in Thee," and so, even while the storm raged there came peace in his heart, a good quiet, and a song in the night brought him sweet comfort.

And still the storm remained terrible, oh, terrible, then over the waves came a voice calling, a voice mingled with the sound of music and dancing, "Put about, come into the haven of pleasure." Yet he would not, and kept a true helm for his course.

And soon from the night was another voice calling, "Help, help, or I perish." Quickly then was the course changed and the prow set to follow that call, for it was first in him to love mercy and rescue the perishing, who sailed for the isle of the Pearl.

Out of the deep then was one saved, a poor mariner, lost from his ship, storm-beaten and sore. Now he was one who had borne many strpes, who had yet many wounds, who had been forsaken, prisoner, solitary, rejected of men, and acquainted with grief, and who was now naked, hungry and sick. Oh how glad was he in the midst of the storm to find comfort. How glad to hear the words and feel the hands of a brother. To eat a brother's food, take his medicine, wear his clothes, and be all safe and warm in his boat. And, while the storm raged and the boat was beaten about, he, being warmed and fed, and sweetly comforted, fell asleep, and in sleeping murmured:

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted: blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

So he slept, he rested and was comforted. Yet the days passed, his sickness tarried, while he who sailed the boat ministered to him every day with gladness.

Thus sailed they on together, he that was well, and he that was sick, until at length a day dawned when a low-lying island appeared. Like a cloud it appeared on the rim of the sea. Yet they knew it was land, the isle of the Pearl, and in a few hours more the boat's keel ground on the beach to say that the voyage was ended. But he that called "Save or I perish," was dead.

Then came another attired as a pilot, for such he was, offering three shells, each with a secret.

"My secret is doubt," whispered one.

"Mine, despair," moaned the next.

"Pride," hissed the third.

"Now will you take these and depart," said the pilot, or will you cast them away and come to the island. And he that came with the boat cast them away with great strength, and immediately came to the shore.

And then was buried the dead in a good grave, with grief for his sorrow and joy for his rest; in a good grave, deep and wide, with a great stone placed over it, and upon the stone graven, **Out of the deep: unto God: Amen.**

Then he that came far through storms fierce and out of calms not a few, sought long for the Pearl in the island, and, after many days found it, found the altogether lovely, the perfection of beauty. Upon it was the odor of aloes and myrrh, the rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, and its taste was for sweetness like droppings from the honey comb.

And he that found it arose with very great joy, and beheld not the sea, nor heard the sound of its waves, for he was upon a mountain exceeding high, with trees of balm thereon for the healing of nations with cedars whose boughs sheltered fowl of all wings. For so had the mountain risen, hour by hour, day by day, as he who came labored long, hour by hour, day by day, for the Pearl of Great Price until he found it.

Then at last came and stood by him one whose name was the Morning Star, and loved him—and he remembered the words: **He that will lose his life shall find it.**

MINOR PALACES IN KOREA.

Rev. George Heber Jones, D.D.
(Missionary in Korea)

Among the eighteen palaces in Seoul, there are several which are today a name and very little more. Being imperial property, they are part of the heritage of the reigning House and guarded and protected by the Household Department. Some of the minor among these palaces have been diverted to other uses than that of imperial residences, though the old memories cling to them. Most visitors to Seoul notice the striking cluster of buildings constituting the Imperial Altar on the main road from the foreign quarter to the Japanese Settlement. This was formerly the Special South Palace or Nam-pyul Kung and erected by King Tai-jong (1400—1418) for one of his favorite daughters and her consort. This young man gave himself up to all sorts of debauchery and violence, so that the people execrated it as a veritable den of infamy.

After his death the palace was abandoned for a long time and was regarded as a haunted and evil House, but finally found a use through the following circumstances. Korea, from the days of the Dynastic Founder, had reverenced the great Ming rulers of China. Though nominally a vassal of the Mings, the yoke had sat lightly and Korea regarded the relation as a natural and honorable one. The Chinese envoys who came to Seoul to receive the marks of vassalage were treated as national guests, and special Halls existed for their entertainment. This was all changed by the overthrow of the Mings by the Manchus, so that they were regarded as unwelcome intruders and usurpers. For their entertainment and as a covert derogation to their dignity this haunted and evil House, the Nam-pyul Kung, was assigned, and from that time it became the guest House of China's envoys. During the invasion of 1592, this Palace was occupied by the Staff of the Japanese army. It is not reported that either the Manchus or the Japanese ever suffered from ghosts there. In 1895 Korea, having shaken off the Manchu Yoke, destroyed the chief emblems of Chinese control in and about the city. As the South Palace was conspicuously connected with the former regime, it was included in the list, but was made to mark the new independence of the country. As a Sovereign, independent and free, the Emperor was entitled to have his own Altar for the worship of Imperial Heaven, instead of having it done for him federally by the Emperor of China as in the past. This Altar, as the supreme badge of the Emperor's sovereign authority, was therefore erected on the site where Korea had for over two centuries observed the formalities of vassalage.

Next in interest to the Nam-pyul Kung, is the old "Mulberry" palace which occupied the large enclosure just inside the West Gate. This palace is known as the Kyung-heui Kung, or Palace of Splendid Happiness, a name with which its history stands in strange contrast. Its construction was due to the following circumstances. After the warriors of Hideyoshi retired from Seoul, the King, Sun-jo, returned to find his palaces in ruins, so he took up his residence in the palace of Prince Wul-san in what is now the foreign quarter of the city. An attempt was made to repair and re-occupy the Kyung-pok Kung, the so-called Summer Palace, but it was frustrated by the ghosts, hobgoblins, and other uncanny beings whose favorite prank was to relieve Koreans, who attempted to remain in the enclosure over night, of their top knots. After the death of Sun-jo, his son, the infamous tyrant Lord Kwang-hai (1608-1622), determined to erect a new palace at the base of In-wang San on what tradition claimed was the most propitious site in Seoul, and a complete set of buildings for royal residence was built there. For its great Gate a special title was written by the savant An Suk-p'ung, one of the most famous penmen of the time. It is said that he fasted and purified himself one hundred days in order to make himself worthy for his task. He then wrote the title board with its inscription of Heung-wha Mun or Gate of Rising Influence. So wonderful was this writing, that at night this title board was illumined by a light which burst forth from the characters and lit up the street below. This legend is commemorated in the name of the plaza in front of the palace which is called La cho-gai or Night Illumined Street. This continued until the coming of the Manchus, when one of their soldiers put a bullet into the title board perforating the character wha (influence) and its light went out forever. This title board still hangs over the main gate to the palace and can be seen from the trolley cars as they pass just before they reach the Korean theatre. It is also said that the writer of this title board suffered ever afterward from a swollen arm, so that he never again wrote a character.

Lord Kwanghai occupied this palace of Splendid Happiness, and it became the scene of his many mad deeds. Here he was dethroned and sent into exile, finally dying at the age of sixty-seven years, a prisoner on the island of Che-ju (Quelpaer). His successor, King In-jong, also spent a troubled and unhappy life in this palace of Splendid Happiness, until he was driven out by the usurper Yi Kwali, the "Three Days King." Tradition says that Yi was born with a mark on the palm of his hand of three bloody lines arranged like the Chinese character for "three." Once he tried to cut a scar through the center of these lines, changing them into the Chinese character for King. The scar bled profusely, and pressing the wound on paper it made the impression "Three Days King." Later in life he raised the standard of rebellion, surprised the King who fled south to Kong-ju, and occupied and reigned for three days in the palace of Splendid Happiness when he was overthrown and executed.

It was in this palace that Suk-jong, one of the most famous of the Line, was born and spent some troubled years until his removal to the East Palace. The usual explanation given for his abandonment of the Splendid Happiness Palace was that a certain geomantic tiger had his lair there, and, being displeased with the royal intrusion, had let loose a plague of man-eating tigers on the country that destroyed many lives, and to appease his tigership the King removed to the more beautiful grounds of the East Palace.

There is another explanation, however, which appears more plausible. The consort of King Suk-jong was Queen Min, but his favorite was the royal concubine, Madam Chang. The latter was a woman of great force of character and ambition, and plotted to supplant Queen Min. She succeeded in poisoning the King's mind against the Queen, so that she was divorced, disgraced and banished, and Madam Chang made Queen. Not content with this, Madam Chang sought to compass the death of the banished Queen by magic, and one day the King surprised her practising her fell rites in one of the apartments of the Palace of Splendid Happiness. In his anger he sentenced her to drink poison. She fought desperately for life, but unavailingly, so that in revenge she mutilated her son the Crown Prince. For this she was torn to pieces. It was after this tragedy that Suk-jong sought the East Palace with his banished Queen whom he called back to her high position, and the Palace of Splendid Happiness was abandoned to decay. In 1865 Prince Tai Won, father of the present Emperor, determined to reconstruct the old original palace of Seoul, the Kyung-pok Kung, as a residence

for his son who had entered the Line by adoption. Many of the buildings in the Palace of Splendid Happiness were torn down to furnish material for the new Kyung-pok, the major part being demolished for this purpose. This left the grounds open to all visitors, and in the early "nineties" the grounds were a favorite place for the foreign residents to stroll through. It was known as the "Mulberry" palace because, in 1887, in connection with the plan of the Government to create an experiment station in silk culture, the grounds of the Palace of Splendid Happiness were set aside for a mulberry plantation, and a number of trees planted. This enterprise failed and it is called "Mulberry" palace only by foreigners. Koreans call it by its historic name.

THE MT. HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The Story of its Inception by One Who was in at the Beginning.

California has its Northfield! We are beginning to realize that,---we who have kept track of the "something doing" in the Mt. Hermon columns of The Pacific.

At the invitation of the management, one more vision of Mr. Gilchrist's, our inspiring leader, was made real, when a group of women representing several denominations gathered at Mt. Hermon to organize a summer school of missions.

Just after sunset, July 30th, the train wound its way up the wonderful canyon of the clear Zayante, by the group of Big Trees, and through the charming little Felton Valley to drop our delegation at Mt. Hermon. What a welcome we received from those who had preceded us! What a turning over of our plans as we gathered at the tea-table! and then such rest as one can get only amid the fragrant redwoods, as we settled for the night, some in pretty cottages, some in tents, and some under the wonderful arching boughs of a genuine redwood circle! What more fitting type of affiliation could we find anywhere than these splendid family circles of the sequoia sempervirens?

Early in the morning we climbed to the auditorium, a great comfortable tent with a firm foundation, and white sides to be reefed at pleasure, giving us entrancing views of mountains and canyons and trees. From this outlook we could gaze far down upon the tops of the great trees, "the biggest living things in the world," as our pastor said last Sunday. Such a place for making visions world-wide in their compass! Miss Laura Richards of the W. B. M. P., set the keynote in the devotional service that morning—our lives hidden with Christ—and this was followed out in successive Bible studies each day.

Every day also we had our Mission Study class on Gloria Christi, or Modern Missions and Social Progress. It was a study in the triumph of modern missions, conducted by Miss Edith Parsons of Saratoga, a study with maps and charts and library that made us long that each church on our coast might immediately fall into line, for we must **know,** if we would sympathize, and then we are ready to pray and to give.

The remainder of each morning, and the Young Ladies' Round Table hour in the afternoon, were just packed with helpful suggestions.

We had the most inspiring missionary addresses, and a tent full of appreciative people to hear them. Mr. and Mrs. Cable from Korea made some of our pastors wish their lots were cast on the other side of the world; and Mr. and Mrs. Price from China, Ruk, Guam and Berkeley, with a view of the needs of the whole world, made us see things in their right proportion and touched our hearts and filled them with a great longing that our lives might be more true, our love more out-reaching, our help more effective.

Before we came down from the Mount, we took steps toward permanent organization. When we thought interdenominational too big a mouthful, a sister of the Christian church, a church so simple in its organization, had just the right word. So we are to be "The Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions of the Pacific Coast. Mrs. H. B. Pinney, of the Occidental Board, is president, and Mrs. Geo. B. Smyth the secretary of this new Board of Directors. Next year we are to have a week for conferences, home and foreign; and you will all be invited, and will rejoice with us in this new co-operation, that the kingdom of God may hasten its coming.

SOME OBSERVATIONS IN TAHITI.

The little town of Papite, the only harbor on Tahiti, is usually a very quiet place. Very early in the morning, by day-break in fact, the market opens and people flock there for their daily supply of fish, meats, fruits and vegetables. About ten o'clock the stores close and business practically ceases until about four in the afternoon, when it is resumed for a couple of hours. But during our stay there it was unusually lively owing to the celebration of the fall of the Bastile—the French "4th of July."

The town was in holiday attire and natives were in from all the islands for a hundred and fifty miles around. A large part of the celebration consisted of native hymns (or concerts) and dances which took place in the public square in competition for prizes.

The native singing is something that one will never forget but he finds it difficult to describe. To me there was an indescribable charm about the weird, plaintive songs sung in perfect unison and with a heartiness that spoke of an inborn love of music. One is reminded somewhat of the negro camp-meeting melodies. It was the principal thing that held me at the native service in the old church on Sunday morning. The church was so seated that the congregation of 500 or more was divided into six sections. Five hymns were sung during the service, and each by a different section, or choir. Some one voice would lead out (there was no instrument) and immediately all the rest of that section would join in. And they sung the whole hymn; evidently believing as our own Dr. Adams does that they were written to be sung clear through. Pastor Vernier, who has been forty years on the field with only one visit to his native France, is only waiting the near completion of the fine new church when he will leave for a year in France. He promised me a visit in Berkeley, and I hope it may be shared at one of our churches. All around the islaind one finds the church, often Catholic and occasionally Mormon, but chiefly I think Protestant and practically Congregational.

One morning a friend and I who were wandering about like Riley's boy "jest lookin' for things," went into a large building to see what was doing there. We found it occupied as a lodging place by one of the

district hymenis (or choirs), who were just getting ready to go out to the square. Lined up on the floor they sang a hymn and then with bowed heads stood reverently while one old man led them in prayer. It was the best thing I saw on the island.

In contrast to this, looking in at another place from whence came sounds of revelry, we found nearly the whole ship's crew of waiters and cabin boys in drunken debauch with a few natives. When a native gets drunk he doesn't want to talk politics, nor fight; but he wants to sing and dance. And the dancing, like the singing is hard to describe. Either singly or in concert the hula-hula is "something different." And yet we saw but little drunkenness among the natives considering the occasion.

A native fakir from another island gave us an exhibition of fire-walking. In an excavation about two feet deep and some twenty feet or more square had been dumped a quantity of stones and these had been heated by a great fire that burned nearly all day. The stones were hot, we easily satisfied ourselves on that point. And the fakir walked slowly across them barefooted several times. It looked like a wonderful thing to do, but when I examined his feet I was not surprised. I think he could have walked on a red-hot stove, for they were as hard and horny as a horse's hoof.

Pacific space is valuable and I must not use too much of it. If you want to get out of the world for a while, away from the telephone and street cars and the Schmitz trial and the strikes, where no one hurries and a "short order" restaurant is unheard of, where you'll rest just bcause you can't do anything else, go to Tahiti---"the vale of peaceful rest." But it did my soul good to get back where there's something doing. G. H. DeKay.

THE MEETING OF THE MINISTERS.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity at their meeting last Monday listened to a paper by the Rev. Dr. Pond on Christian Science. Dr. Pond stated what has been evident widely for some time, that it has taken considerable hold of the people, separating from the churches some of its best workers and supporters. Notwithstanding all that has been said concerning it and against it the movement moves on.

The time has come, in his opinion to flank it; get ahead of it; get whatever of truth it has and use it with greater heart and skill.

Dr. Pond does not believe that the age of miracles has passed---nor that the gifts which were used by the early church are not the possession of the church of today in some measure. As to the gift of healing he stated that he had come in contact with those who undoubtedly possessed it at times---for through them had come, in answer to prayer, restorations to health impossible of explanation otherwise.

In the course of his paper Dr. Pond made mention of the work carried on during recent months in Emmanuel Church, Boston, on a genuine Christian basis. Elsewhere in The Pacific this week will be found an article giving account of some of the experiences in that work.

In the discussion which followed the paper by Dr. Pond, Dr. Adams stated that his church had suffered but little from the inroads of Christian Science His study of the movement has led him to conclude that only a certain class of ailments can be cured by it. "If a person is dying through imagination he can be healed through the imagination." Dr. Adams stated that he himself had no objection to granting letters to Christian Science churches. However some of the members of the First Church have, and therefore, a general letter of dismissal and recommendation is granted in such cases.

The meeting next Monday will be addressed by Mr. Robert Buchanan, a Presbyterian layman from the East who is on his way to the Orient as a member of the lawman's missionary movement. It will be in the chapel of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley.

On the 25th the meeting will be held in the Market Street Church, Oakland. It will be at the usual hour, 11 a. m. Lunch will be served by the ladies of the church, and an afternoon session will be held. The time both forenoon and afternoon will be given to hearing and a consideration of the report of a committee appointed a few months ago to consider and report on Congregational interests in general in this part of California. Some important matters will come up for consideration.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco.—The Rev. N. C. Gause has accepted the call from the Pierce street and Pilgrim churches, and has entered on the work.

Oakland, Fourth.—The services are conducted now in a thoroughly renovated church, for which there has been an expenditure of from $350 to $400. Three persons united with the church on confession at the recent communion. Arrangements were made to receive two others at the mid-week meeting.

Riverside.—The Riverside church has been richly favored in having as supply, the Rev. Inman L. Willcox of the Park Congregational Church, Worcester, Mass, who has been spending some four weeks of his vacation in this city. During this time he has mingled freely with the people, and by his cordial and sincere manner has won his way into the hearts of many of our members. His sermons have, without exception, been clear and logical, aptly and forcefully illustrated, and, withal, full of solid gospel truth. He is blessed with a good voice and clear enunciation, which renders listening a pleasure. His sermon last Sunday morning on "The Spiritual Man," was greatly enjoyed by all present. A masterly treatment of the subject and a fitting climax to those of the four preceding Sabbaths. His term of supply ended with a musical service Sunday evening, at which he spoke briefly on "Ambition, Right and Wrong." As he leaves for his own field of labor in the East he will be followed by the prayers and best wishes of all who have been privileged to hear him from the pulpit or meet him in their homes. For the following four Sabbaths the church will be supplied by Rev. Mr. Ferris, of the Corona Church, who will spend his vacation season in this way. Our young people are active, and are receiving additions to their number from time to time, and are much encouraged in their work. In connection with the young people of the other churches

they have been holding gospel services at the county hospital on Sunday afternoons, which have been very acceptable to the inmates and have made for their own growth and development in service.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. R. K. and Mrs. Ham of Grass Valley are spending their vacation with Oakland relatives.

In the home of Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary it is now father, mother, and daughter.

The Rev. Joseph Buie comes from Oregon this week to take charge of the work at Lincoln California.

The Rev. L. D. Rathbone will enter on the work of the superintendency of the California Home Missionary Society the 1st of September.

There is no improvement seemingly in the condition of the Rev. James K. Harrison. One day last week he recognized the attendant physician and Mrs. Harrison for a few moments, but passed soon again into that condition of stupor in which he has been for many weeks.

The Rev. David Beaton of Chicago is giving in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley this week a series of addresses, the object of which is to present the importance of religious education in our social and national life, and to create a deeper interest in the moral and religious training of the young.

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN.

The address of Rev. David Beaton of Chicago made at our ministers' meeting on August 5th, on the religious education of our children, was impressive almost to the degree of being appalling. I have had it much on my mind since, and wish that the influence of it might reach all the pastors and Christian people to whom they minister. The ignorance of the Scriptures and of the essential truths of Christianity, of the grounds of our faith and the real sources of spiritual life and power among our young people is as wide-spread as it is profound. If the students entering our great universities or even graduating from them, were to be examined in the evidences of Christianity, or the reasonableness of the Christian faith, or the vital facts of Christian life, there is reason to doubt whether five per cent of them could pass. And no adequate provision is made to secure it that those who are to enter in the future will know any more than these do. Yet these are the facts and the truths which lie at the very basis of our national character; they are essential elements in our country's life blood, as well as the means to personal salvation.

And we find fault with our Sunday-schools and cry out for different methods of teaching, for a higher grade of teachers, for this and that and the other in the machinery,—rolls and ranking and grading and what not, in order to obtain different results. But what method can be conceived, even in the hands of teachers most competent that could bring to pass such results with only 30 minutes once a week to do it in? It is a well-nigh universal fact that there is no study of the lesson by the pupils of our Sunday-schools in preparation for the class session, and no rebukes and no reward, so far as appears, can change this wretched condition. Whatever is gained must come in those thirty minutes, half of which must often be used in a vain effort to secure attention.

The facts call for something far more extended and far more elaborate than the Sunday-school can possibly afford. They call for daily instruction, provided with a painstaking and at an expense which the churches have not yet apparently dreamed of. For years I have coveted the privilege of giving thorough trial to a plan like this: to provide (on the church premises if possible) a bright, cheery school-room, fitted with kindergarten appliances for the littlest ones, and all the conveniences for study and recitation for older children up to their entrance on a high school course, and to find a teacher of the sort that are born, not made, rich in enthusiasm, in tact, in magnetic and spiritual power, who would take the littlest ones each of the school days of the week from one o'clock till two for kindergarten exercises—"milk for babes;" would take children of the primary grades who leave the public school at 2 o'clock for one hour thereafter; and those of grammar grade for the one hour following; making the exercises so attractive that the children will wish to come; will wish it so much and urge it so hard that the indifference of even some Christian parents would be overcome; and that courses of study would thus be pursued through a series of years with the results that our children would meet the dangers and the critical occasions of puberty fortified by a well grounded faith in Christ. Out of such schooling would come Sunday-schools worthy of the name; each session crowning the work and clinching the impressions of the work of the week preceding. Out of it would come such study of the Bble that its rich mines of truth and inspiration would be worked in after life and it would not be a dead book, but one instinct with spirit and life. Nothing less than this can possibly fill the gap so fraught with peril—necessarily existing in the scheme of public school instruction; but if it seems to be,—as in my case it was—an undertaking fraught with more expense than a single church could meet, let several churches in one neighborhood combine in it. Nevertheless, one tenth of the money often spent in useless and cumbrous ornamentation of church buildings and in sacrifices to fashion in the conduct of public worship, would not only provide the conveniences, but even endow the teacher's chair in such a school. What say others to such an undertaking?—W. C. P.

King Edward has presented a Bible and President Roosevelt has presented a stand upon which it is to rest to the Old Briton Episcopal Parish at Williamsburg, West Va. The Bible is superbly bound in red niger morocco with elaborately interlaced tooled decorations in gold. On the front are symbolical devices representing the Four Evangelists in the forms of Ezekiel's Vision, the Man, the Lion, the Calf and the Eagle, at the corners. In the center is the sacred monogram, with Alpha and Omega on eithe. side, the Holy Dove above and interlaced triangles for the Trinity below. The circles containing the Alpha and Omega and Trinity sympobls are inlaid in black, the other circles in green. At each corner is a crown with the royal monogram, E. R. I., Eduardus, Rex. Imperator. The tooling is in blind and gold.

The Home.

THE HAPPY WIFE.

You ask me why I'm happy, when so many wives complain,
And say their husbands only live to give them endless pain.
My secret you demand to know, you've seen my happy look,
And you quiz me not a little, but—remember, I can cook!

When other wives are envious, and tell my husband dear
My gowns are very out of date, and at my wardrobe sneer,
I have no fear, I only smile, I care not how I look,
I know I've but to whisper: "Dear, remember, I can cook!"

And always when I'm begged by girls to tell them by what art
I captured such a handsome man, and won quite all his heart,
I merely say: "My dears, I'm sure that all the pains I took
Was asking him to dinner—for, remember, I can cook!"

And all you modern women who are anxious to be wed,
Be wise, throw up your arts and crafts, and learn to bake your bread.
For be certain that no husband will forget the vows he took,
If his wife will only please him by remembering how to cook.

WOMAN'S USE OF MONEY.

By Margaret Hamilton Welch.

The practical education which now more than formerly is being given to the American girl is still sadly lacking in one particular. She learns nothing at school or at home, either by precept or example, of the care of money. The girl leaves her father's home with no idea of the value of money, because, as a rule, both parents have withheld from her all teachings concerning its use. Often the mother is as ignorant in this matter as is her daughter. She needs money for various expenditures, necessary and unnecessary according to her good or poor judgment, and the head of the family furnishes it to the extent of his ability and usually without explanation as to whether it comes with ease or difficulty. A trait of the American husband, which is so common as to be fairly typical, is his dislike to deny the requests for money of the women of his family.

Marriage is usually entered into with a very imperfect understanding of the money basis of the new household. This arises often from a false and foolish pride on the part of the man, and wrong ideas, obtained through false education, on the part of the woman. In any other partnership the common assets of the firm are fully understood by all the members and the expenditures scaled accordingly. This should be the case with that closest and most permanent partnership—married life. Every woman should know the extent of the family income, should know its changes from year to year, and be prompt to adjust the household life accordingly.

Said an intelligent woman to me once: "I make it a rule of my married life to buy the things we need. They get paid for somehow and we have them. If you wait until you think you can afford a thing you will never have it." Three or four years after this remark was made the husband, who was in the employ of the government, was temporarily suspended pending investigation into an alleged misappropriation of the government funds intrusted to his care. The deficit was made right and the matter smoothed over, but that significant sentence, "they get paid for somehow," had an ominous sound in the light of the later happening.

The question arises, How shall girls of well-to-do families be taught the value of money? The allowance system is the first plan that suggests itself. This has its use and also its abuse. Too often it has a flexible and elastic standard. The girl has her allowance, indeed, but the indulgent mother or father adds to it so many "gifts" that the weekly or monthly stipend becomes useless for all purposes of thrift or adjustment of expenditure. Another possibility of the allowance plan is its tendency to cultivate miserliness, if not actual "sponging." Perhaps the girl will maneuver to save her car fare or to get a small treat at the expense of some one else, and the principle of selfishness is cultivated, to the deterioration of character. If an allowance is given, there should be a clear understanding of what it is meant to cover, and it should not be supplemented for this purpose. Above all, the girl should realize that saving her allowance of its legitimate demands at the expense of another's purse is an injury to her self-respect that she must not tolerate.

This lack of fairness and broad justice enters into more than the girl's expenditure of money. Often the wife shows parsimony to the detriment, at times, of her family's comfort. Money put aside to be spent in the household should be so spent. If care and good judgment can produce the equivalent of a dollar's outlay for fifty cents, no criticism can be offered; but the house mother must see to it that she gives her family fifty cents' worth of comfort where the dollar's worth is needed and provided for.

In every home the income which supports it should be thoroughly understood by every member of the family who will assist in disbursing it. The mother in particular, as the home maker, should know as carefully as she knows the contents of her linen closet how much money she may depend upon for the family's use. Following this, the next and most important matter is to set up the standard of living justified by the income and within a good safety margin. This should be carefully adhered to. It is another and a long and pathetic story, that of false home standards, and one which pervades all classes of society. The mechanic's wife goes to the installment house for lace curtains like those of Mrs. Over-the-Way, and the millionaire's wife sacrifices just demands in other directions to write, as her subscription to the fashionable charity, a sum as large as that which precedes it from the check-book of the multi-millionaire's wife. The relation between these false standards and the knowledge to women of the use of money is closer than is at first realized.

The question of cash or credit can only be touched upon in a general article. For women of moderate in-

comes cash payments are undoubtedly safer. The insidious temptations of an account are difficult to resist even by the best-intentioned buyers. Pay day comes and often brings with it a painful, if not disastrous, surprise in the amount of the total. At grocer's and butcher's it is a saving of time, perhaps, to have the bills rendered weekly. They can then be carefully looked over and mistakes rectified before they are out of the mind. Weekly settlements, too, are practically cash settlements. This general rule, of course, admits of modification in the case where an income is received quarterly or monthly. Even under these circumstances, however, the weekly or fortnightly presenting of statements of house accounts should be insisted upon.

Everybody, and particularly every woman, should keep a cash account, in which every cent paid out should be set down. If this is read over, and at short intervals, it would, in itself, be an excellent object lesson in the matter of leakages and the purchasing of non-essentials.

A single word concerning the "change pocket" of the head of the family. One man, in a burst of honesty, admitted to his wife that his change pocket would support the family if its leakages could be prevented. Dimes, quarters, half-dollars slip through it every day for things which are for the most part of no value to him and may be of positive injury, and which are not a whit of benefit to the family. It is only through the earnest, intelligent co-operation of the man spender and the woman spender that the family income can be properly and wisely disbursed.

Most persons, now, even the most conservative, admit that women are needed outside the home as well as within it. The present and growing perfection of the material domestic machinery gives the home woman a chance to bring her energy and her mentality to bear upon wider issues. She is the philanthropist, the sanitary inspector, the school board officer, the political scientist in many ways and she is constantly confronted with the fact that the principles of business underlie every department of her activity. The hospital or the asylum, the industrial school or the indigent home must all be conducted as business enterprises or they will not flourish. Over and over again the woman of today is confronted by a need for some knowledge of money, the mechanism of exchange, banks and banking, investments and the like, and she is wise if she relieve her ignorance of these matters promptly and as thoroughly as may be.

The Quiet Hour.

"Each lawless thought wll mar the plan,
Each wasted day will stint the man.
Wouldst thou excel? Let purpose run
A thread of gold from sun to sun."

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little friend?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!" The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly and you shall not go until you want to." And son the leaf stopped sighing and went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could pull it off. And so it grew all summer long until October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the little leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: "O branches, why are you lead color and we golden?" "We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for a holiday because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and began to dream—a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last forever.—Henry Ward Beecher in "Norwood."

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"He giveth quietness." O Elder Brother,
Whose homeless feet have pressed our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in our losses we might find our gain.

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings
I ask but this; in every troubled hour
To hear Thy voice through all the tumults stealing,
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me, if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in Thine along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning
When from all shadows I shall find release;
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning—
Who can make trouble when Thou sendst peace?

—Emily Huntington Miller.

A PRAYER.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the mercy which crowns our days. We thank Thee for the sorrow which sometimes bows us down in grief. We thank Thee for the gentleness that overlooks our follies and still continues unto us our joys. These are the words we say. Thou hearest them, for Thine ear is open to every sound in the vast creation. Thou knowest that we mean them too. But are they aught to Thee? Help us to do better than speak these words, oh Lord, our God. Help us to make manifest our thankfulness by our constant acts of love to those who are about us, by our thoughtfulness for even those who never have a thought for us, or for Thee. So we may show the power in our hearts of Thy love. Amen.

Young People.

MOTHER GOOSE'S BALL.

Old Mother Goose, by way of variety,
Thought she would get into good society.
She sent out cards to a very grand ball,
To neighbors and friends, and kindred all.

The Man in the Moon dropped down the money,
The Queen of the Bees sent the jars of honey,
The owl and the pussy cat made the ice cream,
Te elephant's cake was really a dream.
A bright little starlet furnished the light,
And a bullfrog chorus sang half the night.

Miss Pig arrived first, in a smart red poke,
Mr. Mule in high collar was about to choke.
Miss Cow, in a hoop-skirt, was a strange sight,
Miss Duck limped along, her shoes were too tight.
Mr. Mouse paid court to a trim young hog,
Miss Cat led the dance with a poodle dog.

Mr. Billy Goat, receiving no card to the mirth,
Concluded to spoil it, or toss up the earth.
He routed them all with a ten bull blow,
They took to the woods, and they were not slow.
Bill ate all the cream, the can and the honey,
And finished the feast with the golden money.
When good Mother Goose got over her swoon,
Bill was dancing away in the light of the moon.

—Mary Cabell Richardson.

THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"Oh, Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school bell rings," and Harry, Kate, Bob and litle Peace crowded about their elder cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

"Very well," said Cousin Will, "I will tell you about some dangerous doors I have seen."

"Oh, that's good!" exclaimed Bob. "Were they all iron and heavy bars, and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there forever?"

"No, the doors I mean are pink or scarlet, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"What, that's splendid!" cried Kate; "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah! it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble."

"Why, what comes out?" said little Peace with wondering eyes.

"When the guards are away," said Cousin Will, "I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one opened and the little lady began to talk like this, 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! and did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?' 'Oh, yes,' said the other little crimson lady from the other door, 'and what a turned-up nose she has!' Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner, ran home and cried all the evening."

"I know what you mean," cried Kate, coloring. "Were you listening?"

"Oh, you mean our mouths are doors?" exclaimed Harry, "and the crimson lody is Miss Tongue; but who are the guards, and where do they come from?"

"You may ask the Great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare come out."—Southern Churchman.

A BOY'S PLUCK.

Boys very early manifest the peculiar traits of character which determine the course of their whole lives. When John Roach came to America, a boy about fifteen, he was penniless and found no friend on the continent who could help him, his uncle, whom he expected to meet, having gone to the South. He applied to the foreman of a manufacturing establishment for permission to learn a trade. The foreman turned him away, saying: "We require whom we undertatke to teach a trade to deposit fifty dollars as security that he will remain until his apprenticeship expires, and you have no money." The young man went away disappointed, but not discouraged. He went to a brickyard and carried bricks for fifty cents a day until he had saved fifty dollars, and returning to the foreman said: "Now I have the money, and am ready to deposit it with you if you will allow me to learn a trade." Again the foreman repulsed him because he thought so ungainly a youth could never be a mechanic.

The young man was again disappointed and chagrined, but not cast down. He went to the proprietor and told his story. The proprietor of the establishment was sure that a boy who could make such sacrifices and persist so long in his purpose to learn a trade ought, at least, to have a chance, and going to the foreman he ordered him to take the young man and give him a trial. He did learn a trade, and by industry and perseverance rose until he became the leading shipbuilder in America, and one of the wealthy and honored citizens of the nation. The pluck which he displayed in boyhood, rising superioir to obstacles and refusing to yield to discouragement, was one of the important qualities which carried him to success and made him a great and useful man. Those who have no noble qualities in youth are not likely to become noble men.

GOD'S LIGHT.

A little four-year-old inquired of her mother one moonlight night:

"Mamma, is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," replied the mother. "His lights are always burning."

Then came the next question from the little girl:

"Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?"

"No my child," replied the mother, "his lights are always burning."

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment which thrilled the mother's heart with trust in her God:

"Well, mamma, while God's awake, I am not afraid."

A WONDERFUL BLINDMAN.

Mr. Curtis Brown in the New York Evening Post writes a most interesting story of Dr. James Gale. Dr. Gale has just died having reached his 74th year. He goes on to write: "Mr. James Gale was probably the most wonderful blind man who ever lived. The victim of a terrible and crushing physical affliction in his early youth, he triumphed over it by sheer force of mind and character, and won for himself the proud but pathetic title of the "Blind Inventor," by which he was known all over England. That, however, conveys but a faint idea of his various claims to distinction. His many degrees included those of doctor of philosophy and master of arts. He was a fellow of the Royal geological society and the geological society and the chemical society. He made many valuable scientific discoveries. His inventions covered a wide range from rapid-fire, breech-loading rifles to electric alarm clocks. As a doctor, he once saved a millionaire's life, and was paid the biggest fee ever recorded in the annals of medicine—$250,000. He did a score of things, any one of which would have sufficed to win distinction for a man possessed of all his faculties. His greatest achievements were those which would seem to demand good eyesight above everything. The man himself was a greater marvel far than any of the wonderful things he did.

Dr. Gale lived in a modest four-story mansion in Adelaide road, Hampstead. The place is called "Galesmead," and on the door was a large brass plate, with the legend, "Dr. Gale, Consulting Electrician." On calling upon the doctor I was shown into a large back room, the table of which was covered by electrical and scientific apparatus. In a few minutes there was a quick step outside the door, and Dr. Gale came into the room. He walked over, shook hands without any hesitation or "feeling about," and looked at me in an inquiring way. His action was so perfectly natural, his light blue eyes seemed so expressive and clear, that no outward sign gave any indication of the fact that he was totally, hopelessly blind. "I have made it a principle all my life," he said after I had explained my errand, "never to allow any one to assist me. From the very earliest days—I lost my sight at 15 and now am more than 70—I have done everything that was possible alone.

"My boyhood was spent in the town of Tavistock, Devonshire," Dr. Gale continued, "and I attended the local school there before I became blind. For some years I had noticed that something was wrong with my sight, but I was so sensitive about this defect that for a long time I managed to conceal from my parents and teachers the nature of my trouble. I remember scheming to be placed at a certain position in the line in the class so that I could reel off from memory portions of my lessons. I could not see the print—everything was a blur to me; and I memorized word for word pages of various matter, reciting it perfectly when called to do so, as if reading from the book. Even in our games—such as leap-frog—I used to have to place white handkerchiefs on the back of my playmates so as to see where to jump. I concealed my trouble for a long time from my parents, and then the family doctor was called in. I doubt if my sight could have been preserved even with the most skilful attention, but whatever chance there was of it he destroyed by ignorant treatment. When I was taken to competent occulists in Plymouth my case was hopeless.

"What mental and physical agony I suffered during the gradual eclipse of my sight, no human tongue could convey.

"Nevertheless, when Mr. Butters, the Plymouth oculist, pronounced my final doom, I being then 16 years of age, it came as a most terrible blow, and for some minutes I could not speak; there was a great lump in my throat and a tear in my eye. Mr. Butters sought to comfort me by telling me that his own sight was failing, and that in a few months' time, he, like me, would be blind.

"'Ah yes,' I said bitterly; 'but you have seen the world, I have not, and never shall.'

"I remained thinking for a minute or two, and then, summoning up all the grit I possessed I said:—

"'If God will it, he knows best. What must be will be. And,' I added, putting my hand up to a tear that trickled down my face, 'God helping me, this is the last tear I shall ever shed for my blindness.' It was.

"My father did all he could for me," Dr. Gale went on. "When I became blind he gave me the choice of either having a couple of persons read to me and write for me or else of going to some institution for the blind. I decided to employ secretaries to read to me, and by this method—and by closely training my memory—I soon found that I was able to make progress in my studies. In those early days I was deeply interested in chemistry, and before many years I managed to master the subject fairly well, so far as it then went. On one occasion I was experimenting with some gunpowder. In order to deaden its explosive effects, I mixed with it some sand. To my surprise, I found that the explosive power of the powder was destroyed. In after years, when I wished to invent a powder that would be non-explosive, I made this childish experience the basis of my experiments, and was successful not only in inventing a nonexplosive powder, but managed to enlist the substantial interest of the British, French and other governments."

In consequence of his valuable inventions Dr. Gale received flattering recognition not only from Queen Victoria and the prince consort, but also from Napoleon III of France, the then czar of Russia and the rulers of many other countries, besides, as already mentioned, having degrees conferred on him by many learned bodies. It was not of these things, however, that he cared to talk when interviewed by your correspondent. "As an example of what a blind man can do," he said, "I may tell you that, with a onelegged man as my partner, I once played a game of bowls, or skittles, against two men possessed of their sight—and what is more, we won it. On another occasion I attended a shooting match, and some one asked me to try a shot. I brought down my bird to the wonder of every one present. I may tell you, between ourselves," (said the blind inventor in a stage whisper) "that the shot was purely accidental. On being asked to attempt to repeat the performance, I thought best to decline. On another occasion I remember riding one night with a party along a dark country moor. The driver lost his way, and the party were unable to decide which road to take. I said I could tell. Every one scoffed at the idea of me—a totally blind man—being able to know the

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way. But, though the sight was gone, my hearing had become so acutely trained that I could tell from the sound of the horses' hoofs on the road that they were not on the right track. Judging solely by the sound, I got out and led the horse back, putting them on the right road. By close observation I was able, after becoming blind, to cultivate my remaining faculties, and by doing most things for myself and allowing none to help me when it could be avoided I managed to acquire an independence which not all blind people attain."

He first became interested in electricity through meeting with a famous medical electrician who tried to restore his sight. After a few years under this practitioner's tuition Dr. Gale mastered the subject of medical galvanism and electrical therapeutics and decided to adopt the latter as a profession. "By studying all known electrical appliances," he said, "it was not long before I was able to begin a general practice and to give treatment electrically. I adopted the method of letting all currents of electricity pass through my own body. By this means I was able to tell just what sort of current my patients were receiving. By my sensitiveness of touch I was able to gauge electrical forces far better than some practitioner's in the same line, and it was not long before I had won a reputation among well-known doctors who used to send me their patients for treatment. By placing my ear over certain portions of the bodies of patients through whom I am sending charges of electricity I can hear peculiar sounds passing back and forth and it is partially by these sounds that I am able to tell whether a patient is healthy or not. I remember, on one occasion, a man was brought to me by a well-known doctor. I galvanized him, listened all over his body in my customary manner and then gave the opinion (privately of course, to his own doctor) that this patient would probably die within a few days. I was not surprised to learn that he died suddenly about a week afterward. I could not hear—on listening at various points on this man's body—the sounds to which my ear was accustomed, and I knew that something was radically wrong. By letting these charges pass through my own hands I am generally able to tell whether a portion of a patient's body is healthy or no. Unhealthy tissue has a sort of spongy feeling to my touch, while healthy tissue has not. In the latter there is a sort of elasticity which unhealthy flesh does not possess.

Be patient with your friends. They are neither omniscient nor omnipotent. They cannot see your heart, and may misunderstand you. They do not know what is best for you, and may select what is worst. Their arms are short, and they may not be able to reach what you ask. What if also they lack purity of purpose or tenacity of affection; do not you also lack these graces? Patience is your refuge. Endure, and in endurance conquer them, and if not them, then at least yourself. Above all, be patient with your beloved. Love is the best thing on earth, but it is to be handled tenderly, and impatience is a nurse that kills it.—Selected.

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